

## Shatter and Melt Away by Luddleston

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**Summary:**

*...he might've considered that Yen knew exactly what she was doing, and he could have entertained the possibility that the night could end in him having the noisiest, most embarrassing orgasm of his life.*

Geralt takes it, Yen gets exactly what she wanted, and about an entire city block is *really* tired of that sorceress making men scream.

## Shatter and Melt Away

### Author's Note:

Honestly, the world just needs more of Geralt taking it up the ass. Or I do. I'm not sure.

I have learned surprisingly little about Geralt's kinks from finally reading the books, so I've just gotta do this myself because you KNOW that man is into some weird shit.

"I told you last time, it doesn't... *fuck, Yen*,—doesn't do much for me."

Geralt found himself in the midst of insisting that no, Yennefer, sticking something up his ass was *not* going to get him off, he was over a century old, he knew what got him off, already, when he started to realize he might've been a bit quick to judge about the whole thing. At the very least, he might've considered that Yen knew exactly what she was doing, and he could have entertained the possibility that the night could end in him having the noisiest, most embarrassing orgasm of his life.

And that was saying something, because Yennefer had done plenty of things specifically to embarrass him, especially in bed.

"You say this, and yet," Yennefer said, making his breath hitch with a curl of her fingers. She had the two middle ones stuffed in him, and had just been telling him that he should appreciate the fact that she trimmed her nails for this specifically. He just thought, well, of course she trimmed her nails, because it would be torture of a less sensual kind if she'd left them sharp.

"I'm not—just feels weird," he said, burying his face in his forearms with a grumble. It didn't hurt, but he'd felt plenty of things that didn't hurt but were instead unpleasant enough that he'd prefer pain. Tonight hadn't quite crossed that border, but fuck, if it wasn't the strangest thing he'd ever felt. And strange didn't equate to sexual, at least not for him, shit, his dick wasn't even hard.

Not that it wasn't making an effort. Yen leaned over his back, her soft skin pressed to his scars, mouthing over the bite mark on his shoulder. She thought she was funny.

"Yen, can we just—" he began, but apparently, she didn't want to let him finish a single sentence tonight, because she curled her fingers just the slightest bit differently, he felt like he had an entire blacksmith's career's worth of sparks exploding up his spine. "*Fuck.*"

"There we go," Yen crooned, flattening herself against his back, and *gods*, it had to be the feeling of her tits pressed against his back, that was what was making him feel this way, not—fuck. It *was* her fingers. She kept moving them, and when she adjusted herself to get a better angle on him, she sat astride his thigh and he felt the slick of her cunt on his skin—this was turning her on.

Of course it was, why *wouldn't* having him spread out, vulnerable and helpless by all appearances turn her on.

She wasn't the only one, either. His cock was starting to get hard between his belly and the sheets, heat kindling in his chest. It wasn't the kind of fervor that made him want to flip them over, to take Yennefer in his arms and make her stop teasing him for once, more of a slow, intense burn that had him pushing back against her touches despite himself.

She curled her fingers again, and he couldn't have kept himself from his loud, bitten-off cry if he tried.

"What the fuck," he muttered, as she flicked her wrist and sent his brain spiraling into single-minded want. He rolled his hips against the bedding to ease some of the tension, but it only served to agitate him more, and he moaned, the noise becoming louder and breaking in a few places when Yen's other hand pressed his shoulders to the bed, forcing him still with little effort. Well. Not entirely so. He could have moved, if he wanted to, but he had no doubt that Yennefer would immediately stop touching him if he disobeyed her.

After all, he *liked* obeying her.

“What was that? It doesn’t do much for me?” She had three fingers inside him now, and he could feel each one individually, curling and petting him in a way that was unsurprisingly similar to how she touched his cock. He rocked back against her fingers and she nipped him, sharp, on the jut of his shoulder-blade.

“Yeah, well,” he huffed. He knew when he was beaten, but it didn’t mean he liked admitting it.

“Geralt, tell me you were wrong,” she said, her lips against his ear now, her fingers moving so slowly it was agonizing.

“Or?”

She stopped touching him entirely, just pulled right out, and it took him longer than it should’ve to find the sense not to roll over and pin her to the bed—she’d kick his ass for it, and even though he liked getting his ass kicked by her, there were other things he wanted her to do to it right now.

“Geralt.”

He was well and truly defeated by her, and it was his favorite place to be. “I was wrong,” he said, his voice muffled into his own forearms. “It’s good, Yen. It feels so good.” His voice was broken like he’d been in a good fight, the kind that would take a while to recover from. He felt as though he’d never completely recover from this.

"Good boy," she said, and even though he was hiding his face in his arms, he knew she was smiling at him, catlike and self-satisfied. “Tell me what you want,” she said, settling back and seating herself fully on his thigh, rubbing her cunt against his skin. It wouldn’t get her off, but it sure as hell was driving *him* up the fucking wall. She continued to stroke him, and her opposite hand dug into his hips, a sharp, almost-painful contrast to the pleasant sensation of her fingers inside of him. Maybe someday, he’d wake up without bruises in the shape of her, but that would require sleeping in a different bed, so he’d take the bruises any day.

“Yen, please—“ he said, and cut himself off because he didn’t know what he was begging her for, just that he wanted *something*, and that Yennefer could usually be placated by the word “please.”

She sat up on her knees, leaning forward so that her fingers inside of him and her lips against his ear were the only places touching him. She bent down to say something that would inevitably either destroy him or rebuild him. “I can give you more,” she said, her lips soft against the shell of his ear, her breasts pressed against his back as she settled herself against him.

“As long as it gets me off,” he said, “because *holy fuck*, Yen. I need it.”

“I know you do,” she crooned, and suddenly, she was gone, and he made a wounded grunt.

“What the hell—“

“Relax,” she said, and he turned around and saw her, back to him, sorting through a drawer in his bedside table that she’d claimed as her own.

“Get back here,” he said. He had half a mind to just roll over and jerk himself off, but Yen might *actually* set him on fire this time, because really, she was way too loose with that candle wax the other day.

“I will, no need to worry your pretty head,” she said, and she turned, and *damn*, she looked so gorgeous he almost missed the sight of the glass phallus in her left hand.

“You are *not* putting that inside me,” he said.

“Oh, hush,” she replied, pressing one hand to the center of his back, flattening him out onto the bed again. “Yes I am. Your precious masculinity isn’t going to be damaged by eight inches of glass.”

“Eight inches? That seems excessive.”

”*You’re* excessive, by that logic, and I’ve taken your cock plenty of times.”

“Not up your—ah!” There were her fingers again. “Not up your ass.” He struggled up onto his elbows, craning his head around so he could glare at her.

“It’s a similar principle.” The intrusion once again faded into pleasantness, and Geralt melted back onto the bed, a puddle of irritated grumbles. He could hear Yen’s lips part over her teeth as she smiled. “There you go,” she said, sounding immensely pleased. Well. He was glad one of them was so amused by the whole thing, and meanwhile, he was becoming more and more apprehensive when he heard the sound of the bottle of oil she’d used to slick her fingers before she touched him being opened again.

“Yen, are you sure you—“ He cut himself off again, because he wouldn’t dare ask her if she was sure she knew what she was doing. Still, he wondered if she’d ever stuck something up a man’s ass before.

“I am,” she replied, and she pressed the tip of the glass cock against his asshole, the feeling making him squirm and hiss through his teeth. “I’ve used this on myself, you know,” she said, and the mental image of Yennefer spreading her legs and sinking onto the dildo, her other hand pressed against her clit, distracted him enough that he opened for her, and found himself swearing against every god he knew and desperately trying to figure out whether to shift himself away or towards the unfamiliar feeling. “Are you quite alright?” she asked, and she might have actually seemed concerned if she wasn’t slowly pushing the thing deeper into him as she spoke.

“Fuck you.”

“Oh, you’re fine, then,” she said, her free hand gentle on the back of his neck, soothing him. “Breathe slowly, Geralt, I promise it will help.”

“I don’t believe you,” he growled, but he did it anyway, each breath shaking out of his lungs.

The angle of the thing was awkward at first, until she adjusted it and did something that made him squirm under her, back arching, mouth hanging open in a long, low moan. “Gods, Yen.”

“That’s it, then?” She pushed it into him again, same angle, and he clenched his fists in the sheets and made a series of muffled, unintelligible sounds into a pillow. “How does it feel?”

“You might’ve asked that sooner.”

“No, then you would have told me you didn’t like it.”

“It’s... strange, but it’s not bad anymore,” Geralt said, as honest as he could be, and truly, having a cock up one’s ass made one surprisingly honest.

“Shall we move on, then?”

“What?”

Yennefer left him laying there with the phallus shoved halfway up his ass, and he could feel the shape of the thing just sitting there, pressing against the inside of him, still slightly cool in comparison to the heat of his body. He thrust his hips forward once, rubbing his cock against the bedsheets, probably spreading thick precome over the freshly laundered linen, little as he cared.

“What the fuck are you doing?” he said, and he didn’t want to move, because he wasn’t sure what that would do to the angle of the cock inside him, but he heard the sounds of metal and leather moving, and when he craned his head enough, he could see Yennefer walking toward him, a contraption hanging low on her hips the likes of which he understood, but was unnerved by regardless.

“I thought it was fairly obvious,” she said, easing the cock out of him and slipping the harness down far enough that she could place it through the appropriate ring, “I’m returning all the favors you’ve done me throughout the years.”

“Don’t act like you’re doing me some kind of service,” he said, and he felt it against his thigh, warm now, since it’d been inside his body.

“Oh, but I am,” she replied, and it slipped inside him more easily this time, “I’m showing you something that’s going to change your life.”

“Kind of dramatic, for a cock up my ass,” Geralt said, and she pushed into him just the slightest bit further.

“You adore drama, that's why you're in my bed.”

Geralt held the soft sheets like they were a cliff's edge and he was dangling over a hundred-league drop. For a moment, all he felt was pressure, intense to just the edge of pain, and then an intense, unfurling pleasure that had him dropping his mouth open and making noises that would have been embarrassing if he gave a fuck.

“Good boy,” she said, and he could *hear* the salacious grin on her lips, would’ve had a retort to it if she hadn’t shoved into him again and made his breath punch out of him all at once.

If he’d ever taken the time to think about it, which he hadn’t, he probably would have expected Yen to fuck like this. Mercilessly. Her fingers clutching tight to his hips to keep him in place for her, grinding on the end of each stroke so that her clit rubbed against the back of the harness and she got just as much out of it as he did.

Just as Geralt’s voice started to get raw from his uneven moans and shouts, Yennefer ground hard against him, the cock as deep inside him as it would go, her breath stuttering in a way it only did when she was about to—

*Fuck*, he wished he could see the way her tits were bouncing, the way her head was thrown back, hair a wild mess. Next time they did this, he wanted to face her.

He felt her lips against his back, searingly hot and wet over his patchwork of scars. She was still gently rocking against him, clearly coming down from orgasm, and it was driving him insane, because this was *not* the time to go back to teasing gentleness. “More,” he begged, voice even more of a rasp than usual, “please, Yen, I need to—“



“Patience,” she said, but the instant she pulled out of him, he rolled the two of them so he was on top of her and kissed her, so filthily and sloppily, anyone who wasn’t Yen would have decked him for it. Thankfully, she’d dealt with him long enough to know that his preferred form of affection was his lips on hers, and she wound both hands in his hair and pulled his head to the angle she wanted it, his cock sliding against her belly and alongside the dildo she was still wearing.

“Fuck patience,” he said, and she bit his lips and scratched her fingertips through his beard while he reached down and wrapped his hand around his cock, sighing against her mouth because it felt like *ages*, since he’d had some kind of relief. He came over his knuckles and onto her hip while she bit a bruise on his neck to rival the striga claw marks horizontal across his throat.

“Geralt,” she said, once he’d collapsed onto her and she’d made the barest attempt to shove him off, “tell me you liked it.”

“Fuck off,” he said, “still trying to wrap my head around...” he gestured uselessly, then let his hand flop onto the pillows. She wrinkled her nose because his knuckles were still, well, *decorated*, and there was the gentle, unusual rush of her using magic that he couldn’t entirely sense, because his medallion was humming from the bedside table rather than against the center of his chest. She’d probably transported the harness back to the drawer she kept all her toys in, but he didn’t care, because it meant he could fit his leg between hers without leather and metal leaving imprints on his skin.

“Glad to have enlightened you,” Yennefer said, the smile still in her voice. He just buried his face in her neck and breathed in her perfume, made all the more entrancing by the scent of sweat and sex that clung to her skin.

“Sure. Enlightened me.”

She brushed his hair out of his face and rubbed his temples in a way that was almost gentle. “What was that you said? It doesn’t do much for you? Geralt, I believe my description of the night’s events was accurate at the very least.”

“Hm.”

“You liked it.”

“Guess so.”

She’d have to ruin him a few more ways before she got him to admit just how much he’d liked it, and from the way she kissed him, he was certain she was about to do just that.

**Author's Note:**

Talk to me about Geralt's kinks on my NSFW tumblr @seldula or my regular tumblr @luddlestons